

Nancy Wheeler and her awfully wonderful day by illyx

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Summary:

Nancy wants to start her internship the best way she can. Destiny, or maybe a mysterious entity, thinks otherwise.

Written for the Jancy fanfic week, Day 2: Romantic tropes

1. Almost there

Author's Note:

I know I said I wouldn't write anything. I guess I was lying. I don't know when next chapter is going to be up, though :(

Anyways, in this universe, no Upside Down extravaganza happened. Nancy and Johnathan don't know each other.

I hope you enjoy!

If in the past months Nancy had to imagine what her morning on her first day of work, well internship - they didn't pay her enough to call it work- at the New York Times would be like she surely wouldn't have thought it to go this way.

And Nancy Wheeler didn't like being wrong.

7:57 *Oh shit oh shit oh shit.* Her alarm didn't go off, she realized wiping her drooly cheek and beginning to panic and yell at her asshole flatmate Sarah for not waking her up. No answer.

On the way to the bathroom she almost slipped on a pair of boxers. *Ugh, no wonder Sarah was still asleep* , Nancy thought with a hint of jealousy. It had been a long time since Nancy had got near a pair of male underwear.

But that was only the start, the tip of the giant iceberg, her sanity and job being the Titanic.

She wondered what otherworldly malefic entity had entered all the electric appliances in her flat. Nothing was working, not the kettle, not the hairdryer, not the toaster, resulting in half damp and frizzy hair, no breakfast, no coffee.

How was she going to make coffee? She was late, she couldn't buy it on the way. And Nancy needed coffee to survive, she was like Tinkerbell, she just disappeared without the magic effects of trimetilxantines.

Oh well, time to experience the effects of caffeine abstinence, she thought as she put on her shoes and grabbed a banana and a bottle of water from the fridge.

She really hoped she had all the cards and papers she needed to enter the building and start her internship.

This was her chance, her dream job, while currently finishing her last year of university. But she had to run if she wanted to make it on time, and run fast.

But, with running, Nancy realized as she entered the subway, came sweat. And sweat patches.

Fucking wonderful

A sweaty, frizzy haired, sleepy intern would make a *great* first impression. But Nancy didn't retreat, she would make it on time and kick ass, if making copies could be in any way ass-kicking.

Eight Avenue was a nightmare, buzzing with an ever-moving crowd, thankfully New Yorkers walked fast.

8:37 she read on her watch. She could do it, she thought entering the New York Times Building, she just had to quickly find an elevator and she would be just on time to start her introductory tour.

Nancy launched herself into the first elevator she saw with doors open and hastily pushed the button of the floor she was supposed to meet with her consultant.

An elderly lady with a strange pink hat smiled fondly at her as if she was some sort of charity case, well *her hair didn't help* .

She had made it, thank you Jesus. Just a short, quick, smooth elevator ride separated her from her goal. Nancy *never* retreated.

Just as the doors were closing an arm surged between the two halves.

“Wait up!” screamed the man attached to the arm.

Ugh , Nancy didn't skip coffee that morning just so this stranger could get her to be late.

The pink hat lady, however, thought differently, clicking the button to open the doors for him.

Oh no, he's cute.

The stranger was boy not older than her, with dark blond, messy hair, a brown jacket and a camera around his neck.

“Thank you” he said a little out of breath, Nancy just rolled her eyes. He may be cute, but he still made her lose *at least* one minute.

“Which floor, young man?”

“Uhm... tenth”

“Ah, just like this lovely young lady here”

The attractive-but-time-consuming stranger looked at her with a shy smile that made his dimples show. *Stop it, Nancy. Focus.*

The elevator began to move, thank God. But not for long. It came with an alt and a *ding* that reverberated in her ears.

“Oh, this is my floor. Have a good day, you two” said the lady, before disappearing.

Just a minute, maybe less and she would be on the right floor of the right building, ready to begin the internship of her dreams. Nancy couldn't help but wonder what her elevator companion was doing in this building. Well, he did have a camera around his neck, *Sherlock* .

He was probably a photographer, but he seemed very young, maybe he was an intern as well.

5th

6th

The floors were passing by quickly. Good. Good.

7th

Almost there.

Turns out that out of the two words “almost” and “there”, the former was the most important.

The elevator suddenly stopped with an alarming screech, sending both on the floor.

Oh no. No, this wasn't happening to her. Not now. Not ever.

Nancy looked at him, the boy, who was clutching tightly his camera. He pulled himself up, tried to push some buttons but nothing was working.

Nancy suspected that the entity responsible for her frizzy hair had somehow managed to enter the electric systems of the building and make her life a living hell.

The cute stranger raised his eyebrows and said “Guess we’re stuck”

2. The spirit of Barb

Summary for the Chapter:

Some Jancy, at last

Notes for the Chapter:

It's really late and I'm tired. I think it turned out quite boring, but, better than nothing!
here we go with this ridiculous piece of fic.

Enjoy :)

“ I’m Jonathan, by the way” he said outstretching his arm to help her up.

“Nancy” she offered, still a bit shaken. His hands were warm and strong against her petite fingers.

“Are you ok?”

“Yeah, I think so” but her voice was thin.

“Wait, are you claustrophobic? Because I read somewhere you have to take deep breaths and-

“I’m not, I’m fine, really. Thank you... I’m just... It’s my first day of work, well internship, here at the Times and I won’t make it on time”

“Really? That’s wonderful! The internship I mean, not that you won’t make it” he added nervously, scratching his head.

“Thanks”

It was nice to put a name on the face. *Jo-na-than*, it rolled easily on her tongue. Well, she guessed there could be *worse* people to get stuck in an elevator with.

“Yeah, uhm, we’re trapped here. We’re in two, around the 8th floor I think.” Jonathan was talking to the comm-link on the wall.

“Okay, hang in there. Unfortunately there have been many problems with elevators today, so a team should be there in about an hour or so. Sorry. Stay calm and let me know if there any problems”

An hour or so?

Jonathan huffed, passing his hand through his hair, making it even more unruly. “I’m sorry...”

“For what? How is this your fault? It’s just the universe not giving me a break”

“Yeah, tell me about it” he said laughing softly and sitting on the ground.

Nancy sat down beside him, a few inches apart from his hips. If she was stuck here for an hour she might as well be comfortable.

She turned her head.

“So, uhm... photography?”

Jonathan looked confused for a second before saying “Yes, I’m new here as well. Started a few days ago. Nothing groundbreaking, I go and cover the minor stuff, but it’s the New York Times and it still gives me enough time to do my own work”

“And what’s your own work?”

“Well, I like to go around the city, taking photos of people passing by, of anything that catches my eye, really.”

“That’s cool” she replied. He had the looks of an artsy type. Handsomely bohemien, slim, but with strong and toned arms -thank you too short sweater- that Nancy was sure, could carry her with no problem. Or hoist her up. On a counter. Up the wall.

Keep you head out of the gutter, Wheeler. What was wrong with her? Well, probably the lack of sex, the voice in her head said, whom she imagined as a little devil on her left shoulder, poking her with its little red pitchfork.

She had broken up with Steve, her high school boyfriend, during the first year of college. He had stayed behind, in Hawkins, Indiana, and it just hadn't worked out for either of them. Since then Nancy had dated a couple guys, they were sweet, but if she still preferred her own hands they couldn't be described as "boyfriend material" as her best friend Barb used to say. She missed Barb, she was studying Biology in Chicago and they didn't see each other as often as they would like, hence the never-ending calls between the two.

"Are you from New York?"

"Me? No. Uh uh. I'm from Hawkins, Indiana, where it's all made of corn. I attend Columbia, though, last year of journalism, actually"

He smiled at her, the corner of his eyes crinkling.

"What?"

"Nothing, it's just... you don't seem like a hoosier."

"And how would you happen to know that?" she asked, a bit defensive.

"Well, I'm from Indiana as well. Actually I lived in Hawkins for the first three years of my life, or so my mom says, I don't remember it very well."

“Really? I can’t believe it! And you live here now?”

“Yeah I went to NYU, graduated a few months ago. I live in Brooklyn with my friend Andy and his girlfriend. My mom and my brother live outside of Gary, we moved there when she was pregnant, to get away from my father. Haven’t seen him much since”

“I’m sorry” she said softly.

“It’s okay, it’s better that way, trust me. I don’t even know why I’m telling you this” Jonathan said looking down, toying with the hem of his cream-coloured jumper.

“It’s okay, I don’t mind. Besides” she added with a sly smile “if we were in a movie that’s what we would be supposed to do, to fill the space, make the other empathize, to entertain the audience, you know”

He laughed, a bit red on the cheeks. They looked good enough to kiss. “Yeah, you’re right”

“So, you watch lots of rom-coms, then?”

Jonathan looked up, eyes wide.

“Wha- n-no, I mean-it’s my mom, she-”

“Relax, I won’t tell anyone” she joked, bumping his shoulder with hers.

They had somehow, during their conversation, got really close. Their hips were touching and Nancy could see the hint of stubble covering his jaw, his really defined jaw. She followed the outline of his neck, little moles scattered on his skin, his adam’s apple bobbing.

“Nancy?”

“Uh” she let out.

“Want some Sour Patch Kids?”

This was torture, Nancy was sure of it. He had the most kissable lips and everytime a bright candy went into his mouth, she felt ten degrees hotter. She just wished she was one of those Sour Patch Kids, being sucked into his mouth.

Nancy sighed, before getting up on her feet. She needed to take off her blazer.

“Is everything okay?”

Nancy ran an hands through her hair, laughing nervously “It’s just...I would have never imagined in a million years that I would spend my first day at The New York Times stuck in an elevator with a stranger eating Sour Patch Kids”

Jonathan smiled looking up at her “And what’s the weirdest part? The elevator, me or the Sour Patch Kids?”

“You. Definitely you.” she said, her nose scrunching up.

His whole face lit up with a lopsided grin spreading. Nancy sat down again, smiling at him.

Their faces were inches apart and she wore Jonathan stared at her lips before looking into her eyes and

“ *Are you still there?*” a loud voice boomed in the elevator, causing them to spring apart.

Jonathan got up to the comm-link “Yeah, we’re here.”

“ *The team is on the way. A few minutes and you’ll be out. I’m really sorry this happened.* ”

He turned towards her.

“A few minutes until freedom”

“So it seems” she forced out.

If Barb was here she would be shoving their faces together as if they were two dolls she wanted to kiss each other yelling “Now. Kiss”

Nancy admitted that her friend could be a little on the heavy side regarding meddling in her love life, but she never received, not once, bad advice.

She hoped the spirit of Barb would be with her because Nancy *never* retreated. And she would be damned if she came out of the elevator not knowing what Jonathan’s lips tasted like.

What was the worst thing that could happen? *Him rejecting her?* Well, yes. But Nancy couldn’t think like that and anyway, if things got bad they would be out of there in a matter of minutes.

“So... you know, the volume of this elevator isn’t that much.” she began taking a step towards him.

He was staring at her, a stare so hot she could melt in puddle right there.

“Yeah” he half whispered.

“Well, oxygen is only the 21% of the whole volume of air and since it’s such a precious resource I think we sh-

She squealed as he hauled her up against the wall and kissed her like he was a man starving.

Nancy moaned as he traced the seam of her lips, before plunging his tongue in her mouth.

She gripped his hair, soft smooth hair, as Jonathan pressed against her hot center, seeking for some kind of friction. The harder she tugged, the more he moaned, grinding against her.

He nipped at her neck, sending surges of sweet electricity through her body.

Nancy needed this. Like she needed air and an organized study space.

She was *sure* that Jonathan would be so good with hands -and mouth- she wouldn't even miss her own. She just had to prove that with facts.

Definitely boyfriend material.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for reading, or leaving kudos. You make my day.

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoyed and I'm sorry for the lack of Jancy. We'll get there with next chapter, when or how, that is to see. Sorry.